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ENOCH ARDEN

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NEW YORK:  
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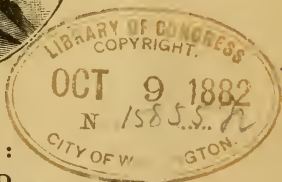
# ENOCH ARDEN.

BY  
ALFRED TENNYSON.

EDITED FOR SCHOOL AND HOME USE BY

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL, A.M., M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "STUDY OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS," "OUTLINES FOR THE STUDY OF  
THE ENGLISH CLASSICS," "FIRST BOOK IN ENGLISH LITERATURE."



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## LIFE OF TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, one of the greatest poets of our times, was born in 1810 at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England, of which place his father was rector. He was the third of a large family, several other members of which shared with him in some measure the genius which has won for him his undisputed rank as the first English poet of his time. At the age of seventeen, Tennyson, in conjunction with his brother Charles, issued a small volume called "Poems, by Two Brothers," of which almost nothing has been preserved. While a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, he gained the Chancellor's Medal by a poem in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo," in which there is plainly to be seen some impress of his peculiar genius. His literary career, however, may properly be said to date from 1830, in which year a volume appeared called "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." It contained many exquisite pieces, and clearly marked the advent of a true poet, yet it was not received with great favor by the public.

Three years afterward another volume made its appearance, and it, too, though rich in poetie thought, failed to awaken public interest, and received unkindly criticism at the hands of the reviewers. For nine years thereafter the world heard nothing of Alfred Tennyson. In 1842, however, a third effort was made to win favor, by the publication of two volumes of poems. The effort was successful, the path to fame and fortune was open before him; and to the encouragement he then received we are largely indebted for the splendid poems which have since proceeded from his pen. Onward from this time the reputation of the poet slowly but surely extended itself. In 1847, appeared "The Princess, a Medley;" and in 1850, "In Memoriam," a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Hallam, the chosen friend of the poet in his earlier years at Cambridge. On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as poet-laureate. In 1855, appeared "Maud, and other Poems," which added nothing to the poet's fame. "The Idyls of the King," published in 1859, was everywhere received with enthusiasm. These poems at once took rank as

some of the noblest in our language. In 1864, Tennyson published a volume containing "Enoch Arden," one of his most finished and successful works; "Aylmer's Field;" a short piece, "Tithonus," remarkable for its beauty and finish. "The Holy Grail" and other poems appeared in 1870; and in 1872, "The Tournament" and "Gareth and Lynette." During the period from 1869 to 1872, the second series of the "Idyls of the King" was published. In 1875, Tennyson published a drama, called "Queen Mary;" two years later "The Lover's Tale," begun, and a fragment printed, in 1833, and a second drama entitled "Harold." "Ballads," a score of poems, appeared in 1880, since which time the poet-laureate has made occasional contributions to the leading periodicals. Tennyson's biography, even more than that of most authors, is given, as far as the public is concerned with it, in the simple enumeration of his works. His poetry is pure, tender, ennobling. No blot, no stain mars its beauty. His verse is the most faultless in our language, both as regards the music of its flow and the art displayed in the choice of words. As a painter, no modern poet has equaled him. His portraits and ideas of women are the most delicate in the whole range of English poetry. His language, although consisting for the most part of strong and pithy Saxon words, is yet the very perfection of all that is elegant and musical in the art of versification.

The pleasure which his poetry gives springs largely from the cordial interest he displays in the life and pursuits of men, in his capacity for apprehending their higher and more beautiful aspirations, and in a certain purity and strength of spiritual feeling. In character he is modest and unassuming, and shrinks from publicity.

Caroline Fox, in her "Memories of Old Friends," says that "Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders, like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy, and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and mustache, which one begrudges as hiding so much of that firm, powerful, but finely chiseled mouth. His eyes are large and gray, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering."

## ALFRED TENNYSON. 1810-

“Not of the howling dervishes of song,  
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,  
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart !  
Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,  
To thee our love and our allegiance,  
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.”—*Longfellow*.

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“Tennyson is endowed precisely in points where Wordsworth wanted. There is no finer ear, nor more command of the keys of language.”—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

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“Versification broken and irregular, but inexpressibly charming; sometimes fantastic. Of the living poets of England, Tennyson at this time occupies the highest rank.”—*Alison*.

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“Every stanza in his descriptive poems brings up a vivid scene to the least imaginative reader; the earth, the sky, and the sea are to be seen in harmony with the feeling of the hour; and by their sympathetic aspect give dignity and intensity to the human interest.”—*F. H. Underwood*.

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“To describe his command of language, by any ordinary terms expressive of fluency or force, would be to convey an idea both inadequate and erroneous. It is not only that he knows every word in the language suited to express his every idea: he can select with the ease of magic the word that is, of all others, the best for his purpose.”—*Peter Bayne*.



## SELECTIONS FOR STUDY.

The young student of Tennyson should begin with several of the simpler poems, as "Lady Clare," "Enoch Arden," "The Lord of Burleigh," and "Edward Gray," and gradually get used to the style before attempting to read the more difficult, as "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Locksley Hall." The following list includes the most widely known of Tennyson's poems, from which a selection may be made for school or home use:—

"The Deserted House." "The Miller's Daughter." "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." "The May Queen." "Margaret." "The Death of the Old Year." "Dora." "St. Agnes's Eve." "Edward Gray." "Lady Clare." "The Lord of Burleigh." "A Farewell." "The Beggar Maid." Songs: "Come not when I am Dead," and "Break, Break, Break." "The Charge of the Light Brigade." "Enoch Arden."

ADVANCED STUDY.—"The Lady of Shalott." "Ænone." "A Dream of Fair Women," and "The Lotus-Eaters." "Locksley Hall." "The Talking Oak." "The Day-Dream." "The Two Voices." "St. Simeon Stylites," and "Ulysses." "The Princess." "In Memoriam." "Maud." "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." "*Idyls of the King*:" "Enid." "Vivian." "Elaine," and "Guinevere."

Second Series: "The Holy Grail." "Gareth and Lynette." "Pelleas and Ettarre." "The Last Tournament." "The Passing of Arthur," and "Morte d'Arthur."

"Sea Dreams," "Tithonus," and "The Northern Farmer."

## REFERENCES.

For any desired information concerning Tennyson and his writings, consult, besides the ordinary reference books, essays by Peter Bayne, Dowden, Hutton, and Bayard Taylor; Brightwell's "Concordance to Tennyson;" Stedman's "Victorian Poets;" "N. A. Review" for January, 1863; Howitt's "Homes and Haunts;" and Powell's "Living Authors of England." Taine's "English Literature" has a valuable criticism on Tennyson.

Among the most systematic critical studies on Tennyson are Tanish's "Studies of the Works of Tennyson;" Elsdale's "Studies in the Idyls;" Japp's "Three Great Teachers;" Buchanan's "Master Spirits;" Forman's "Our Living Poets;" Robertson's "Analysis of In Memoriam;" Gatty's "Key to In Memoriam;" and Shepherd's "Tennysonianana."



# ENOCH ARDEN.

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"ENOCH ARDEN is a true idyl. It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows; not aspiring to the dimensions or pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits; but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own. The poet indulges in no digressions, in no descriptions which are not required for its full comprehension; he rehearses no long conversations, and makes no unnecessary remarks of his own. On the one hand, there is no sentimental dawdling over the sad situations which occur in the narrative; on the other, there is no hurry in the march, and no excessive compression of any of its portions. Among other things we have been struck by the delicate management of that slight infusion of the supernatural which adds dignity to its humble hero's fate. But if the laureate thus knows how to deal with the unwarranted beliefs of the simple, and how to extract from them poetic embellishment, he also knows how to make a noble use of their religious faith. And it is not too much to say that some of the most beautiful passages in *Enoch Arden* are those in which Holy Scripture is reverently quoted."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Nov., 1864.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster; then a molder'd church; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall tower'd mill;  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down

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4. **Molder'd.**—A. S. *molde*, dust, soil, earth. "The literal sense is crumbled."—*Skeat*. To turn to dust by natural decay, to crumble, to waste away gradually.

6. **Down.**—A. S. *dun*, a hill. Fr. *dunes*, sand-hills by the sea-side. Fris. *döhne*, a hillock of sand driven by the wind.

With Danish barrows; and a hazel-wood,  
By autumn nutters haunted flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff,  
In this the children play'd at keeping house:  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25  
While Annie still was mistress; but at times  
Enoch would hold possession for a week:  
"This is my house and this my little wife."  
"Mine, too," said Philip, "turn and turn about;"  
When, if they quarrel'd, Enoch, stronger-made, 30  
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35  
And say she would be little wife to both.

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7. **Danish Barrows.**—Saxon, *beorg*, a mound, a hillock: an ancient tumulus. It is the same as *borough*, *burg*, *bury*, etc. A mound either of stones or earth over the graves of warriors and nobles, especially those killed in battle. These mounds are quite common in parts of England once ruled by the Danes.

17. **Swarthy.**—From the action of the salt water of the ocean upon the threads of the nets.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart  
 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love, 40  
 But Philip loved in silence; and the girl  
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;  
 But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,  
 And would, if asked, deny it. Enoch set  
 A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45  
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
 For Annie; and so prosper'd that at last  
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50  
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
 On board a merchantman, and made himself  
 Full sailor; and he thrice had plucked a life  
 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas; 55  
 And all men looked upon him favorably;  
 And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth May,  
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, half-way up 60  
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
 The younger people making holiday,  
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small, 65  
 Went nutting to the hazels, Philip stay'd  
 (His father lying sick and needing him)  
 An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair, 70

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69. **Prone**.—Lat. *pronus*, bending forward, inclined towards, sloping. The sparse vegetation of the sea-shore becomes stunted as it approaches the sand-hollows. Hence the poet uses the figure, "to feather."

Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face  
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
 That burned as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom; 75  
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd  
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life  
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood;  
 There, while the rest were loud with merry-making, 80  
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
 Seven happy years of health and competence, 85  
 And mutual love and honorable toil;  
 With children: first a daughter. In him woke  
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish  
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
 And give his child a better bringing-up 90  
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,  
 When two years after came a boy to be  
 The rosy idol of her solitudes,  
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
 Or often journeying landward: for in truth 95  
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil  
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
 Rough-reddened with a thousand winter-gales,  
 Not only to the market-cross were known,  
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down, 100  
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,  
 And peacock yew-tree of the lonely Hall,  
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change. 105

Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used  
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;  
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast  
 In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell: 110  
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;  
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
 Another hand crept too across his trade  
 Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell, 115  
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
 To see his children leading evermore  
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth, 120  
 And her, he loved, a beggar; then he pray'd  
 "Save them from this, whatever comes to me."  
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship  
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,  
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him, 125  
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?  
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,  
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place? 130  
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
 No graver than as when some little cloud  
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 135  
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife—  
 When he was gone—the children—what to do?  
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans  
 To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—  
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her ! 140

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136. **Offing.**—The part of the visible sea remote from the shore.  
 Merely formed from *off* (above) with the noun-suffix *ing*.

He knew her as a horseman knows his horse—  
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought  
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade  
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—  
 So might she keep the house while he was gone. 145  
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go  
 This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—  
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,  
 Become the master of a larger craft; 150  
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,  
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all,  
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale, 155  
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest born;  
 Forward she started with a happy cry,  
 And laid the feebled infant in his arms  
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,  
 Appraised his weight, and fondled fatherlike, 160  
 But had no heart to break his purposes  
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will:  
 Yet not with brawling opposition she, 165  
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
 For her or his dear children, not to go. 170  
 He not for his own self caring but her,  
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain;  
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

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160.—**Appraise**.—Lat. *pretium*. Fr. *prix*, a price value; apprécier, to rate, esteem.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,  
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand 175  
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room  
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe, 180  
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear  
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,  
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand—  
 The space was narrow—having order'd all 185  
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,  
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,  
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell 190  
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
 Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man  
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery  
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God, 195  
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes  
 Whatever came to him: and then he said,  
 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me, 200  
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."  
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "And he,  
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one—  
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—  
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees 205  
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
 And make him merry when I come home again.  
 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard, 210  
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd

The current of his talk to graver things  
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring, 215  
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise;  
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
 That I shall look upon your face no more." 220

"Well, then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.  
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
 (He named the day); get you a seaman's glass,  
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears." 225

But when the last of those last moments came,  
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
 Look to the babes, and till I come again,  
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.  
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear 230  
 Cast all your cares on God: that anchor holds.  
 Is he not yonder in those uttermost  
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
 Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,  
 The sea is His: He made it." 235

Enoch rose,  
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;  
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
 After a night of feverous wakefulness, 240  
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,  
 "Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child  
 Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.



But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt  
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept 245  
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,  
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps 250  
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;  
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;  
She saw him not; and while he stood on deck  
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail 255  
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;  
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,  
She set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
But throve not in her trade, not being bred 260  
To barter, nor compensating the want  
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
And still foreboding "What would Enoch say?"  
For more than once, in days of difficulty 265  
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less  
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:  
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus  
Expectant of that news which never came,  
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance, 270  
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly born and grew  
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
With all a mother's care: nevertheless, 275  
Whether her business often called her from it,  
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,  
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell  
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,  
After a lingering—ere she was aware—

Like the caged bird escaping suddenly, 280  
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,  
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her), 285  
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.  
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,  
May be some little comfort;" therefore went,  
Passed thro' the solitary room in front,  
Paused for a moment at an inner door, 290  
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
Entered; but Annie, seated with her grief,  
Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
Cared not to look on any human face,  
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept. 295  
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,  
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."  
He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,  
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn  
As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd, 300  
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He sets himself beside her, saying to her,

"I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,  
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
You chose the best among us—a strong man: 305  
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.  
And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—  
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal 310  
To give his babes a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.  
And if he come again, vexed will he be  
To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
And it would vex him even in his grave, 315

If he could know his babes were running wild  
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie now—  
 Have we not known each other all our lives?  
 I do beseech you by the love you bear  
 Him and his children not to say me nay— 320  
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again  
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will,  
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.  
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:  
 This is the favor that I came to ask.” 325

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
 Answered, “ I cannot look you in the face,  
 I seem so foolish and so broken down;  
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;  
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down; 330  
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;  
 He will repay you: money can be repaid;  
 Not kindness such as yours.”

And Philip ask’d 335  
 “ Then you will let me, Annie? ”

There she turn’d,  
 She rose and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,  
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face; 340  
 Then calling down a blessing on his head  
 Caught at his hand and wrung it passionately,  
 And passed into the little garth beyond.  
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school, 345  
 And bought them needful books, and every way,  
 Like one who does his duty by his own,  
 Made himself theirs; and tho’ for Annie’s sake,

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343. *Garth*.—An inclosure, a yard, a garden—“ this garth most dulce  
 and redolent.”—*Dunbar*.

Fearing the lazy gossip of the port, 350  
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
 And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent  
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
 The late and early roses from his wall,  
 Or conies from the down, and now and then, 355  
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal  
 To save the offense of charitable, flour  
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind.  
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her, 360  
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.  
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;  
 From distant corners of the street they ran 365  
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily:  
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;  
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him  
 And called him Father Philip. Philip gain'd 370  
 As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed to them  
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
 Down at the far-end of an avenue,  
 Going we know not where; and so ten years 375  
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd  
 To go with others, nutting to the wood, 380  
 And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd  
 For Father Philip (as they called him) too.  
 Him like the working bee in blossom dust,

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355. **Conies.**—Rabbits. Plural of coney.

358. **Whistled.**—The shrill noise made by the wind as it blew through the wings of the wind-mill.

Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him, 385  
 "Come with us, Father Philip;" he denied;  
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,  
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,  
 For was not Annie with them? and they went. 390

But after scaling half the weary down,  
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force  
 Fail'd her; and sighing, "Let me rest" she said: 395  
 So Philip rested with her well-content:  
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously  
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge  
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke 400  
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot 405  
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour  
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
 He crept into the shadow : at last he said  
 Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,  
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood." 410  
 "Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.  
 "Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;  
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,  
 "The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost ! 415  
 No more of that? why should you kill yourself  
 And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said,  
 "I thought not of it: but—I know not why— 420  
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.  
 "Annie there is a thing upon my mind,  
 And it has been upon my mind so long,

That tho' I know not when it first came there, 425  
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living; well then—let me speak :  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help: 430  
I cannot help you as I wish to do  
Unless—they say that women are so quick,  
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—  
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove 435  
A father to your children; I do think  
They love me as a father; I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine own;  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years, 440  
We might be still as happy as God grants  
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:  
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,  
No burthen, save my care for you and yours;  
And we have known each other all our lives, 445  
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answered Annie; tenderly she spoke :  
" You have been as God's good angel in our house.  
God bless you for it, God reward you for it, 450  
Philip, with something happier than myself.  
Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved  
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask ?"  
" I am content," he answer'd, " to be loved  
A little after Enoch." " O," she cried, 455  
Scared as it were, " dear Philip, wait a while :  
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—  
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long;  
Surely I shall be wiser in a year :  
O wait a little!" Philip sadly said, 460  
" Annie, as I have waited all my life  
I well may wait a little." " Nay," she cried,

“ I am bound; you have my promise—in a year :  
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ?” 465  
And Philip answered, “ I will bide my year.”

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up  
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day.  
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;  
Then fearing night and chill for Annie rose, 470  
And sent his voice beneath him thro’ the wood.  
Up came the children laden with their spoil :  
Then all descended to the port, and there  
At Annie’s door he paused and gave his hand,  
Saying gently, “ Annie, when I spoke to you, 475  
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,  
I am always bound to you, but you are free.”  
Then Annie weeping answer’d, “ I am bound.”

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,  
While yet she went about her household ways, 480  
Ev’n as she dwelt upon his latest words,  
That he had loved her longer than she knew,  
That autumn into autumn flash’d again,  
And there he stood once more before her face,  
Claiming her promise. “ Is it a year ?” she ask’d. 485  
“ Yes, if the nuts,” he said, “ be ripe again :  
Come out and see.” But she—she put him off—  
So much to look to—such a change—a month—  
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound— 490  
A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes  
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
Shaking a little like a drunkard’s hand,  
“ Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.” 495  
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;  
And yet she held him on delayingly  
With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
Trying his truth and his long sufferance 500  
Till half-another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,  
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her; 505  
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;  
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,  
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;  
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly 510  
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son  
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;  
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her  
 To wed the man so dear to all of them  
 And lift the household out of poverty; 515  
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her  
 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced 520  
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
 Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch, is he gone?"  
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night  
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,  
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light, 525  
 Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
 "Under a palm-tree." That was nothing to her:  
 No meaning there: she closed the book and slept; 530  
 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height  
 Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun;  
 "He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing 535  
 Hosanna in the highest; yonder shines  
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms

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529. "Under a palm-tree."—It was under a little wood of palm-trees that the prophetess Deborah dwelt between Ramah and Bethel. Judges iv. 5.



Whereof the happy people strewing cried  
 'Hosanna in the highest !'" Here she woke,  
 Resolved, sent for him, and said wildly to him, 540  
 "There is no reason why we should not wed."  
 "Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,  
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."  
 So these were wed and merrily rang the bells, 545  
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.  
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart,  
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,  
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,  
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left 550  
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.  
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often  
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch  
 Fearing to enter; Philip thought he knew;  
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state, 555  
 Being with child; but when her child was born,  
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,  
 Then the new mother came about her heart,  
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,  
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died. 560

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sail'd  
 The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth  
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook  
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext  
 She slept across the summer of the world, 565  
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
 She passing thro' the summer world again,  
 The breath of Heaven came continually

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539. "**Hosanna in the highest.**"—Cf. Matt. xxi. 9; Mark xi. 10; John xii. 13.

562. **Biscay.**—The storms which sweep across the Bay of Biscay are noted for their severity.

569.—Refers to the trade winds of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, which blow steadily for months in one direction.

And sent her sweetly by the golden isles, 570  
Till silent in her oriental haven.  
There Enoch traded for himself, and bought  
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,  
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage ; at first indeed 575  
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figurehead  
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows ;  
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable, 580  
Then baffling a long course of them ; and last  
Storms, such as drove her under moonless heavens  
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came  
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
But Enoch and two others. Half the night, 585  
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,  
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn  
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,  
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ; 590  
Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.  
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge  
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut, 595  
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,  
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest hardly more than boy, 600  
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,  
Lay lingering out a three-years death-in-life.  
They could not leave him. After he was gone,  
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;  
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,

Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell 605  
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
 In those two deaths he read God's warning, "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
 And winding glades high up like ways to heaven, 610  
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
 The luster of the long convolvuluses  
 That coil'd round the stately stems, and ran  
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows 615  
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
 He could not see, the kindly human face,  
 Nor ever heard a kindly voice, but heard  
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl, 620  
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long 625  
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:  
 No sail from day to day, but every day  
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices; 630  
 The bláze upon the waters to the east;  
 The blaze upon his island overhead;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven, 635  
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

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605. **Fire-hollowing.**—Ignorant of the use of tools, savages were wont to hollow the trunks of trees by fire in order to fashion their canoes.

613. **Convolvuluses.**—Lat. *convolvere*, to roll or wind together. A genus of plants comprising many species, especially in the tropics.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,  
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,  
A phantom made of many phantoms moved, 640  
Before him haunting him, or he himself  
Moved haunting people, things, and places, known  
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;  
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house, 645  
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
The peacock yew-tree and the lonely Hall,  
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,  
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves, 650  
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;  
Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up, 655  
Shuddering, and when the beauteous, hateful isle  
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which being everywhere  
Let's none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone, 660  
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early silvering head  
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went  
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,  
And pace the sacred old familiar fields, 665  
Not yet had perish'd, when his lovely doom  
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship  
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds  
Like the *Good Fortune*, from her destined course,  
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay: 670  
For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle  
The silent water slipping from the hills,  
They sent a crew that landing burst away

In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores 675  
 With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge  
 Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,  
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd, 680  
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs  
 They knew not what: and yet he led the way  
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;  
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue 685  
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;  
 Whom, when their casks were filled they took aboard:  
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
 Scarce credited at first, but more and more 690  
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it;  
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home:  
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook  
 His isolation from him. None of these 695  
 Came from his country, or could answer him,  
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.  
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,  
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore  
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind 700  
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood  
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath  
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:  
 And that same morning officers and men 705  
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:  
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
 Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one, 710  
 But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?

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704. **Ghostly Wall.**—Some parts of the English coast are bounded by steep, high cliffs of chalkstone, which have a "ghostly" appearance from the sea.

His home he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,  
 Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm, 715  
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,  
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;  
 Cut off the length of highway on before,  
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right 720  
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.  
 On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped  
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:  
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom; 725  
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light  
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,  
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home 730  
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes  
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;  
 But finding neither light nor murmur there  
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept  
 Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!" 735

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,  
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,  
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone 740  
 Who kept it: and his widow, Miriam Lane,  
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;  
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now  
 Still with yet a bed for wandering men,  
 There Enoch rested silent many days. 745

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721. **Holt**.—A grove or forest. "A holt or grove of trees about a house." **Tilth**.—Tillage, cultivated land; the produce of tilling.

"Full tilth and husbandry."—*Shakespeare*.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,  
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,  
 Told him with other annals of the port,  
 Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,  
 So broken—all the story of his house. 750  
 His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
 How Philip put her little ones to school,  
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
 Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance 755  
 No shadow past, nor motion; any one,  
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
 Less than the teller: only when she closed,  
 "Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"  
 He shaking his gray head pathetically,  
 Repeated muttering "Cast away and lost ;" 760  
 Again in deeper inward whispers "Lost !"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;  
 "If I might look on her sweet face again  
 And know that she is happy." So the thought 765  
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth  
 At evening when the dull November day  
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
 There he sat down gazing on all below:  
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him, 770  
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes 775  
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
 The latest house to landward; but behind,  
 With one small gate that opened on the waste,  
 Flourished a little garden square and wall'd : 780

And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
 A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk  
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it :  
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole  
 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence 785  
 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs  
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board  
 Sparkled and shone: so genial was the hearth; 790  
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;  
 And o'er her second father stooped a girl,  
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee, 795  
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand  
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,  
 Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:  
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw 800  
 The mother glancing often towards her babe,  
 But turning now and then to speak with him,  
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld 805  
 His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe  
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
 And his own children tall and beautiful,  
 And him, that other, reigning in his place, 810  
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love—  
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,  
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd 815

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783. **Shingle.**—A walk made of wooden tiles or planks. “Shyngled ship”—ship made of planks.



To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief, 820  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
And feeling all along the garden wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door, 825  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd. 830

“Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?  
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness 835  
A little longer ; aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children too ! must I not speak to these?  
They know me not. I should betray myself. 840  
Never : no father's kiss for me—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,  
And he lay tranced : but when he rose and paced 845  
Back towards his solitary home again,  
All down the long and narrow street he went  
Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,  
“Not to tell her, never to let her know.” 850

He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
Prayer from a living source within the will,

And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea, 855  
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"  
He said to Miriam, "that you told me of,  
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"  
"Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!  
If you could tell her you had seen him dead, 860  
Why, that would be her comfort:" and he thought,  
"After the Lord has called me she shall know.  
I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,  
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.  
Almost to all things could he turn his hand. 865  
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd  
At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;  
Thus earned a scanty living for himself; 870  
Yet since he did but labor for himself,  
Work without hope, there was not life in it  
Whereby the man could live; and as the year  
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
When Enoch had returned, a languor came 875  
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,  
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.  
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.  
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck 880  
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
The boat that bears the hope of life approach  
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope 885  
On Enoch thinking, "After I am gone,  
Then may she learn I loved her to the last."  
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said,  
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear 890

Before I tell you—swear upon the book  
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.”  
 “Dead,” clamor’d the good woman, “hear him talk !  
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.” 895  
 “Swear,” added Enoch, sternly, “on the book.”  
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.  
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,  
 “Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?”  
 “Know him,” she said, “I knew him far away. 900  
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;  
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.”  
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her ;  
 “His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
 I think I have not three days more to live ; 905  
 I am the man.” At which the woman gave  
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.  
 “You Arden, you ! nay—sure he was a foot  
 Higher than you be.” Enoch said again,  
 “My God has bow’d me down to what I am ; 910  
 My grief and solitude have broken me ;  
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he  
 Who married—but that name has twice been changed—  
 I married her who married Philip Ray. 915  
 Sit, listen.” Then he told her of his voyage,  
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,  
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,  
 Fast flow’d the current of her easy tears, 920  
 While in her heart she yearn’d incessantly  
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,  
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;  
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,  
 Saying only, “See your bairns before you go ! 925

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925. **Bairn.** = *Barn*, a true English word. A child.

“Mercy on us, a *barne* ! a very pretty *barne* !”—*Shakespeare*.

In an old poem the Saviour is called, “That blessed *Barne* that brought us on the rode.”

Eh, let me fetch 'm, Arden," and arose  
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung  
A moment on her words, but then replied :

“Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
But let me hold my purpose till I die. 930  
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,  
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;  
Save for the bar between us, loving her 935  
As when she laid her head beside my own.  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my latest breath  
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her. 940  
And tell my son that I died blessing him.  
And say to Philip that I blest him too ;  
He never meant us anything but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come, 945  
I am their father ; but she must not come,  
For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
And now there is but one of all my blood,  
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :  
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it, 950  
And I have borne it with me all these years,  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;  
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone 955  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her ;  
It will moreover be a token to her,  
That I am he.”

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane  
Made such a voluble answer promising all, 960  
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her

Repeating all he wish'd, and once again  
She promised.

Then the third night after this,  
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale, 965  
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang.  
He woke; he rose, he spread his arms abroad  
Crying with a loud voice "A sail ! a sail ! 970  
I am saved ;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So passed the strong heroic soul away.  
And when they buried him the little port  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral. 975

## Some General Questions on "Enoch Arden."

When was this poem written? Was it founded on fact? Did you ever read of a similar story? Have you any personal knowledge of a similar event? Is it at all probable? Do you suppose that similar events might have happened during the late war? Is this poem popular? How does it contrast with Tennyson's other poems? Mention several poems which show the variety of his genius. Has *Enoch Arden* been extensively dramatized? Does it make a good play? What can you say of the language and style in which it is written? What unfavorable criticisms can you make either on the language, style, or story?

How will you sum up the first nine lines? Is this typical of any seaport town? Is it especially true of the English seaports? Show wherein this description would not apply to our own sea-coast villages? Have we a perfectly natural picture of children playing on the sand? If Annie loved Enoch, as the text says, why was she kinder to Philip? What was Enoch Arden's first resolve, and what was his success? What is meant by the "Friday fare" which he furnished the Hall? What was the origin of this custom? What was the cause of his subsequent poverty? How did he propose to help himself? Why not resume his former occupation? What was his plan for himself? wife? children? How will you explain Annie's dread foreboding that she would never see her husband again? What curious verification of her foreboding followed, as the vessel sailed by the town? What was Philip Lee's kindness to Annie and her children, and why was he so generous? Was she justified in listening to Philip's offer of marriage, after the long absence of her husband? What sign did she seek from the Bible,—with what result? What was her interpretation of the "palm-tree"? Can you in any way associate it with the subsequent events? How will you explain her dread foreboding, after her second marriage?

Where was the vessel bound in which Arden sailed? Mention some of the figures of rhetoric used by Tennyson in describing the voyage? in describing the desert island? What

phantoms seemed to move before him as he watched for a sail? How do you explain these phantoms? What did he seem to hear ringing in his ears? Describe his rescue from the island by a vessel in search of water. How did Nature seem to sympathize with him, as he approached his native town? Describe how the news of the past was imparted to him by his landlady; his glimpse of his wife and children. What was his prayer? his resolve? How were Arden's last days passed? What was the real cause of his death? Explain how the secret was finally revealed to Miriam Lane on his death-bed. How will you explain his last words: "*A sail! a sail!*" What may you infer from the last lines? Do you think Enoch Arden did right in keeping secret his identity until after his death?

## REVIEW ANALYSIS FOR "ENOCH ARDEN."

Intended as a guide analysis for the student in the first reading of the poem, and also as a blackboard exercise in review.

### PART I.

1. *Description of the seaport town :*

"Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm."

2. *The three children play on the shore :*

"Three children of three houses,—  
—played  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore."

3. *Enoch Arden's resolve,—his success,—marries Annie :*

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells."

4. *Happy years of married life,—subsequent misfortunes,—resolves to go on a foreign voyage :*

"And merrily ran the years,—  
Then came a change."

5. *Breaks the news to Annie,—preparations and farewell to wife and children :*

—"hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way."

6. *Poverty,—Philip aids her and the children,—no tidings of her long absent husband,—Philip proposes marriage :*

—"lived a life of silent melancholy.  
—and so ten years,  
—and no news of Enoch came."

7. *The entreaty for a year's delay,—"seeks a sign from the holy Book,"—finally marries Philip :*

"You have my promise,—in a year.  
—under a palm-tree.  
Merrily rang the bells, and they were wed."

### PART II.

1. *Enoch sails to the Orient,—wrecked on his return,—death of his comrades and subsequent life on the desert island :*

"A shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail."

2. *Dreams of home, wife, and babes,—discovered and carried home by a vessel seeking water and provisions :*

—"They landed him  
E'en in that harbor whence he sailed before."



3. *The story Miriam Lane told him,—seeks Philip's house,—what he saw,—despair :*

—“So that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth and pray'd.”

4. *His prayer for strength,—loss of health,—confides his secret and the story of his wanderings to Miriam Lane :*

“As this woman heard,  
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears.”

5. *His dying request,—promise,—death :*

“A sail ! a sail !  
I am saved ; and so fell back and spake no more :  
So passed the heroic soul away.”

## SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON TO COMMIT TO MEMORY.

“Hundreds of Tennyson's lines and phrases have become fixed in the popular memory ; and there is scarcely one that is not suggestive of beauty, or consoling, or heartening.”—*Bayard Taylor.*

Some of the most beautiful verses in our literature are found in *Locksley Hall* and *The Princess*. Select also some of the best lines from *The Deserted House*, *St. Agnes's Eve*, and *The Brook*. Commit to memory the whole or portions of the exquisite songs : “Break, break, break ;” “Flower in the crannied wall ;” “Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,” from *In Memoriam* ; “The Flower,” and the following songs from *The Princess* : “As thro' the land at eve we went ;” “Sweet and low, sweet and low ;” “The splendor falls on castle walls.”

“This is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.”

“I hold, in truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

“Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies ;—  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.”

" I falter where I firmly trod,  
And, falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar stairs,  
Which slope through darkness up to God,

" I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."

---

" Break, break, break,  
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea !  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

" Oh, well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play !  
Oh, well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

" And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill ;  
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !

" Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me ! "

---

" I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

" With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

" I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever."

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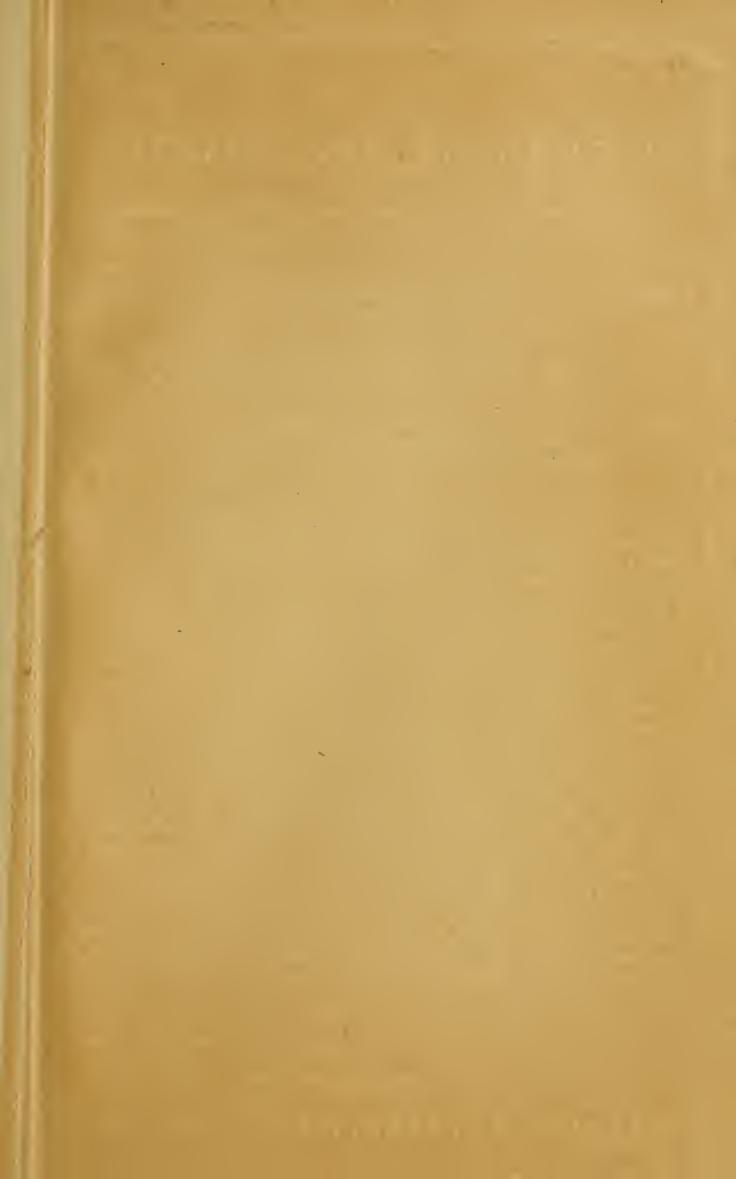
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